

26. May '97.

Finally arrived today 3 days late. Would have arrived yesterday but it seems to be impossible to catch any sort of a train out of Aberystwyth on a Sunday, let alone get to Aker by public transport. Mam managed to drive me to the station this morning (she seems to much better today), and I left about 9.30. Three quarters of an hour later I had to get off and change at Machynlleth. At least it wasn't Dyfi Junction (a platform in the middle of a tidal plain). Spent an hour in Birmingham wandering aimlessly in John Menzies. Bought myself a brand copy of "King Solomon's Mine" - kept me mightily entertained on the next four and a half hour leg of my journey. When I got to Bodmin Parkway I got a taxi to the campsite. Unfortunately the taxi driver didn't have a clue where he was going. - my knowledge of

Cornish being dodgy it took us a while to find the place. When I got here everyone was still at site so the guy who runs the site showed me the caravan.

Talk about luxury - there's even a ferry. All very swank.

Strat and Leslie arrived back soon looking very suntanned.

Leslie bawled me over with her organisation, she's got everything from warming powder to featherbeds.

She then took me to see Julie to prove that I've arrived. Came back to the caravan and watched some TV - apparantly it's sitcom weekend.

Our last addition to the happy caravan - Gary arrived. Then

Someone else arrived, can't remember his name (everyone seems to have the same name here - only distinguishable by their age) but he's got dark glasses. Everyone here seems really enthusiastic about the

project which is quite inspiring. I was thinking on the train that I was going to be completely out of my depth, with everyone else knowing each other. Anyway everyone seems very friendly - it's coming good. Stuart cooked pasta for supper, and we swiftly left the dishes for later and headed for the pub.

The entertainment at the pub was epic - a guy on a guitar singing "Eye of the Tiger" - way hey. Unfortunately the music meant that it was impossible to hear anything anyone was saying. Came back to the caravan, and now am enjoying the joys of watering "Camp on Camping".

27. May. 97.

Went up to the site today for the first time. The walk up to the site wasn't nearly as bad as I thought, in fact it was quite nice, certainly, woke me up abit. I was assigned

to Mike's trench in the western
settlement. I started out cleaning
the cobbled area outside the
building to get rid of the backfill
from last year. Sue also came
over to show me the plan of the site.
I was quite surprised at how large
the cobbles were, they couldn't have
been that easy to walk on. I suppose
though that compared with sloshing
around in mud it was much preferable.
Ate my wonderfully made sandwich
(~~the~~ I've now taken over my position
as lunch monitor) in hut 28 with
everyone else. Sue and Mike the
anthropologist (does everyone have the
same name here) had a conversation
about these questionnaires he's asking
people to fill in. I don't know how
detailed they are, but I get the
impression that not all are happy
to fill them in. I suppose it's harder
to answer the questions knowing
that you're going to be living in the

same group as the anthropologists who are heading it. It would be much easier ~~to~~ if it was an anomalous (bad spelling) reader.

After lunch Sue took me on a heavily long tour of the site, what interested me most was the way that Sue related the site to its specific environment i.e. the site is surrounded by distinguishable visible limits like the surrounding hills.

Had a cup of tea (well actually I didn't because I don't like it, but everyone else did) with Sue, Mike and Stuart.

Went back to work traveling on the cobbles. By the time I'd finished it was getting near the end of the day so I started to clean the banks up a bit (as a result of my brand new sharp travel). I hope my work isn't too crappy, I can't really tell with Mike. Walked back to the cars with Stuart and we talked about how horrible sheep

are. Entranced by the sheep
we managed to take a long route
to the car. Stopped in the shop on
the way home and bought supplies.
I cooked the potatoes with some
onions and baked beans (it was
that or full looking veggie burgers)
Am well unachieved so think I'll
leave it here.

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28. May 97.

Feel more positive about
walking today. Yesterday it wasn't
that everything was all wrong
or anything, but today I just feel
a bit more enthusiastic. I still
had to be told to travel more vigorously
and how to brush. I was walking on
the bit outside and along from
the cobbles from yesterday. The only
problem with all the stones is that
they graze your fingers. Start to reckon
that the trench and the rocks
look like the beach and rock pools.

I know what he means actually, Mike also pointed out the lines on the rocks from the sea that look like water marks. Walked back with Lennie and Mark for a bit, then the rest by myself. Quite nice actually as I could just wander along at my own pace and think about the day. By the time I get back to the car I was in a pretty good mood, and even started admiring the country side.

Gary made a really good supper tonight (though I'm sure that Lennie & Stuart got more peppers than me). Finished my book after supper whilst Stuart shouted at the football on TV. Had a pint with Stuart in the pub but he spent the whole time looking over my shoulder - for some "babe" he saw earlier I suspect. Lennie is now singing to her walkman - yesterday Stuart got

really pissed off with herries
singing so its probably good he's
just gone to bed. Maybe that's why
he's gone to bed.

29 May 97.

lovely weather today - not a
cloud in the sky yet still a breeze
(actually a wind) to keep you cool.
Waked on Chris's hut today with
nitrally everyone else. I started
off cleaning part of the outside
with Gary with the mattrick.
Unfortunately I didn't have a clue
what was going on or what we
were looking for, so I first cleaned
the loose up after Gary's mattricking
this proved rather a waste of
resources, and also made me feel
pretty useless. So I then moved
to travelling and cleaning up
one of the corners while Gary
and Chris did more mattricking +
cleaning. Cleaning my smaller

area was nicer as I feel much more on edge if I'm walking ~~by myself~~ with someone else -

I keep feeling that I'm holding them up or getting in their way.

We had our tea etc in the next door area as it was too far for everyone to go. Mike says he's going to make the sandwiches tomorrow - just hope there's enough bread. Carried on to travel ~~across~~ down to a red ~~area~~ layer. Don't know what it was but looked for it anyway. Before afternoon tea I helped John do levels for his drawing of Helen's Cairn. Every time I try and remember the back sights etc my mind fuzzles, the stupid thing is that I understand the process, but I just get a bit fazed. I went back to travelling a nearly awkward corner looking for the red/orange layer. Unfortunately it never appeared and instead I found a large boulder. We left the site

corners of at the back of Chris's trench. Fortunately I avoided too much scraping of my knuckles in very small corners by helping Helen with her photographs. She needed someone to hold the coat to hide the shadows - very stressful. Gary and I had cricked necks after a few photographs. After tea Chris took Leslie and me through the context sheets. Not admit I'm still a little camped. We called in at the Rising Sun (enclave) and had a drink. Leslie and Stuart continued their post tournament, while I talked to Helen about photographs and how vivid they can be. They can affect the way you remember things so easily - a memory can be related to the image you remember ~~from~~ from the photo.

Went to the bar in the campsite

in the evening, got a bit
nervous as I suddenly realised
that Sue had just come back
from an examiners meeting. However
Sue claims she's a "fair marker".
Am going to bed to look forward
to a lie in.

31. May. 97.

Day off today so I didn't have
to get up too early. Spent a really
nice day with David + Fran (my
uncle and aunt) eating lunch in
their garden, having a nap, afternoon
~~tea~~ etc. We went to the north
coast and went to the pub in
Port Isaac for some supper. Although
I didn't do anything I came back
feeling more tired than on a
normal day. I suppose ~~the day~~
everything is just catching
up on me. Leslie and Gary
were in the bar so I joined them.

1 June 97

Spent the first part of today waiting with Helen at the cairn. She needed it cleaning up for photographs. Unfortunately it was very windy so when poor Helen climbed up onto the ladder it was blowing all over the place. After tea I was back in Chris's trench in the fitting little corner. The wind made the dust fly all over the place, and it was horrible. I was trying to ~~bring~~ lower the lens going through the iron pan. Unfortunately ~~now~~ the corner is full ~~over~~ of immovable rocks that scratch you to bits. I must confess it was a bit grim. After lunch we had a little tour of the site looking at the new developments. Mike's trench has now had loads of stones moved. After tea to the fair I went back to the wretched ~~the~~ corner. In the end

I reverted to sitting with my shirt over my head to try and keep the gut out. I made the tea today which I felt was quite an achievement as ~~the~~ lighting the meters terrified me. I'm afraid after tea my mood was not brilliant. The time was dawn, but the stones were so lodged in that it became gradually more and more difficult to get at the ground.

Walking back today I tried to mentally organise myself - can I get back to London (with Tagray and Dad) to check that all my junk has been moved out of my room before the end of term, and then go back home to Wales before Bignor. After deliberation (I suspect not) I'm a bit worried that this diary is not really fulfilling its purpose. Not just in the sense that its

part of the site arrive but
also I want to ~~know~~ write this
story and don't really feel that
I'm giving energy to it.

I'm getting scared - Mike is
just going Lerley's quarternaire.
~~test~~ Am I going to reveal some
hidden repressed, horrible me.
Better fill in the quarternaire.

2nd June

shitty weather today, we
ended up leaving site at about 1.30
because the rain was flooding the
trenches. Before leaving I was
working with ^{do} Chris in Yang
Chris's trench. ^{we were in the} ~~the~~ back part outside
the hut digging a small trench in
the eastern edge. We were trying to
get through the rain pan. to see how
far it went and what was underneath
it. Unfortunately the only change
was a small patch of soil, that proved
to be just an isolated patch.

the rain stopped play so we went home via the Rising Sun (encore) Combining the time we spent in the pub and the shopping in Camelford we didn't get back to Julia's well until 4pm. Arriving home ~~there was~~ early was quite different, everything felt much later than it was. After curry (cooked by Gary) we went to the Rising Sun again. It's only been a week since I've been here, but I really feel part of a cohesive group. Chatting ~~last~~ tonight was really nice because the conversation ranged from Helen's father's beer drinking to megalithic tanks. Unfortunately Leslie seemed to feel left out, and when we got back she was in rather a bad mood. I don't think anything was meant deliberately - the only reason she wasn't involved in the conversation was that the way everyone was sitting, with no room around the table for her

and start.

3rd June. 97

The full weather last night made it all funny that we wouldn't be working today but in fact it wasn't too bad. There was no rain and by the end of the day the sun was out.

I started out helping to clean Helens Cabin. I think I was really slow compared to everyone else, but Helen was so nice, subtly indicating to me to get my arse into gear. ~~Don't~~ We then went through the whole process of taking photos, with ladder balancing in gales.

After ~~that~~^{lunch} I collected the level and went to take some levels for Mike. Start and I took it in turns to hold the level. ~~After~~ After taking levels I did some travelling in the lower part of Niles trench. I was

travelling on a silty layer ~~that~~
that apparently is different in
the lower part of the construction
to the higher.

Stopped in the Rising Sun with
Mike, Helen, Ann and Gary. Got
home to find Lerley and Stuart
in the car on their way home.
When ~~we~~ I got back to the
caravan Gary and I cleaned the
caravan. Gary seems to be
rather over excited about the
fact that there's more space in
the caravan.

4 June 97
Started off in Mike's trench
this morning travelling some
potential cobbles. I soon got moved
to doing some levels for Helen,
Cairn. Can't set the level to save
my life. After that I did some
cleaning on the cairn. Again I
think I was keeping us back

due to my shur walk. Anyway
 we did more photographs. It must
 be such a bizarre image with
 Helen on the ladder, Gary holding
 the ladder down and me trying
 to fill the photo form in. Lunch
 was nice because we finally
 managed to get parties. This
 afternoon was pretty lazy as well
 with some more cleaning and
 photos on the cairn. Dropped in on
 the Rising Sun again (do we
 ever go a day without visiting it?)
 Again it was very pleasant just
 chatting. Am now back and Gary
 and I are having lasagne that
 we found in the freezer (I suspect
 Leney must have left it)

5 June 97.

Weather was so bad today that
 we didn't even get out of the car at
 Westmoorgate. Stopped in a tea shop
 in Camelford. The bishie ^{was} serving

in an epic outfit of dodgy
Chef's trousers and a dirty Baccardi
tea shirt. Again we seem to be
compelled to stop off for nansishment
on our way home. When we
get back to the caravan I'm afraid
I rather slugged rather than
concentrating in my field notebook.
Mike came over to interview me
about my questionnaire. All pretty
law key. Dozed, potterer and
read this afternoon, also she
came to collect the lunch money.
Had a nice chat while s.e waited
for Chris G. to try and change
his tyre. (Apparently he didn't even
know where it was). The informality
and lack of hierarchy especially
off site is very appealing and
encouraging. ~~without~~ without ~~some~~
structured group it becomes
easier to feel that you can contribute
and be part of the ideas and
conversations. Mike (well actually

Gary) cooked supper for everyone, and was then grilled about his questionnaire. I'm up and the atmosphere ~~was~~ got rather fringed with other nice asking "unnecessary pedantic" questions. I left to go to the pub with Helen and Gary, and later everyone arrived for a drink, fortunately the tense atmosphere seemed to have subsided some what. The atmosphere in the caravan didn't enhance by the fact that Chris G, Mike and Sue all had Jack Light sunglasses on all the time - very intimidating. Gary and I are now waiting for Helen to come for a cup of tea - I think telling her that we've run out of biscuits was a bad idea - she'll probably never arrive.

Day off tomorrow.

✱ CERI ASHLEN

6th June '97

Day off again today, though this time it was an official day off. Mike, Chris and Chris all went off for a day out to the Rumps so Mike, Gary, Helen and I were left immobile. We thought about going to the Royal Cornwall Show to see the men reported ferret racing. Anyway the extreme cost meant that we opted for a day in Tintagel. When we got to Camelford to catch the bus Mike got his photos back. The ones of everyone's homes looked really good all joined together. It was interesting how well we identified the houses. Caught the (v. delayed) bus and got to Tintagel, only to head straight for the nearest party shop. The weather was foul - v. varying, so we were sheltered in some shops. Talk about unmitigated waff. No wonder Lerley loves

4- They were all full of crystals and all that sort. The bad weather and shopping forced us (involuntarily) into the pub.

~~The pub~~ Mike got at his photos again and we discussed how else you might present them. We thought about ~~presenting~~

projecting them (putting onto slides) on all four walls of a room so that you become totally surrounded. Then as you walk around your shadow is seen on the landscape, so its really as if you are within the environment. Quite interesting.

Also discussed last night's quilting but probably best not linger on that. Staggered to the next pub (the Arthurian Arms or something of that ilk)

- lunch time drinking is terrible.

Left and walked to the end of Tiltage and got blown down a cliff by the wind. It was

incredibly strong winds. The view was fantastic as well - The sea was all over the place and you could look down onto the carter. Gary and Helen shipped back to the 2nd pub - bad sign. Supped another pint while Mike played the general knowledge one armed bandit. Dashed to catch the last bus home, but in the end it turned out that we had time to be given a demonstration of Mike's chico from West Side Story, and for Gary to teach Mike the polka - all in the methodist church caryard! Stopped in the pub in Canelford where Helen and I were led to severe laughter by talk yet again of Gary's all in one wet suit / swimming costume. Fanny pissed by now we stopped off in the coop for wine

and food. Get back to the campsite and get as far as the pub there. Terrible way to spend a day off thinking about it.

Gary cooked supper and we drank some more. Unfortunately I fell asleep watching Harry Hill and had to be woken a couple of times because I was snoring. A thoroughly enjoyable day ~~thinks~~ I'd say.

7 June.

Frantic hour this morning as Gary and I packed all our stuff and cleaned up before 8am. Gada Mike made me some sandwiches for the train which was very kind I think. Said managed to get a lift from Chris G. to Camelford as he only had room to give a lift to. Said a massive goodbye to everyone, quite sad actually. Chris dropped me in Camelford and I wandered

around until 9:40 (from 8:10)
managing to lose my shoes in
the process - quite bigger.
Bo finally came and spent the
whole time feeling very sick.
Got a delayed train to Plymouth.
Hung around there and then
caught the train to Newton
Abbot, changed and then finally
got to Torquay. Travelling from
8:10 to 1:30 just to get from
Ceneyford to Torquay. Spent
this afternoon cooking and
cleaning for Dad, and he's just
about to take me out to the
Conservative Club - terrifying
prospect! Home tomorrow.